



Trial of the Valeyard

by Alan Barnes and Mike Maddox

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time traveller.

THE INQUISITOR: LYNDA BELLINGHAM
Scheming judge.

THE VALEYARD: MICHAEL JAYSTON
Scheming prosecutor.

HERMIT:
Damaged future Doctor... or is he?

DIRECTOR: BARNABY EDWARDS

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ACT I

SCENE 1: INT. CORRIDOR TO COURTROOM

FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES IN METAL CORRIDOR. BEAT. DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING OUT) Gravity slightly below normal. (JUMPS) Slight tilt in axis suggests a space ship. ('HANG ABOUT...') Or a space station, in orbit around a larger [body] – (REALISATION) I know this place. (ANGRY) And no! (ALOUD) No, no, no!

FX: TURNS BACK INSIDE AND SLAMS DOOR SHUT.

(CALLING FROM INSIDE TARDIS, BEHIND DOOR) I'm not coming out, do you hear me? Whatever it is, whatever you want this time, you noble Time Lords of Gallifrey can all go hang!

FX: GOING OFF AS HE CROSSES TO CONSOLE.

I'll be off now. So goodbye!

FX: FAINT BLEEPS AS HE SETS CONTROLS.

I can't say it's been a pleasure...

FX: MATERIALISATION BEGINS. TARDIS JUDDERS, THEN MATERIALISATION STOPS DEAD.

(OUTRAGED) I don't believe it-!

FX: MARCHES BACK TO STILL SHUT DOOR.

How dare you? I said, how dare you-?! You raise that transduction barrier at once!

BEAT.

At once, do you hear me? You've no right to keep me here!

BEAT.

So – it's like that, is it? Very well, I'll wait. I'll sit here 'til the seventeen suns of Kasterborous all go out if needs be. I will not be leaving my TARDIS. I'm staying put, and that is final!

BEAT.

FX: DOOR OPENS QUICKLY.

(NOW POKING HEAD OUT OF TARDIS) Sorry, am I talking to myself here? I said, I'm not coming out!

BEAT.

Yes, I know I've opened the door. It doesn't count. I'm still not joining in with whatever absurd scheme you're hoping to intrigue me into. You sort it out yourselves.

FX: STEPPING FORWARD.

Because I am not intrigued. My interest is not piqued. Not in the least. Not one iota. And for Rassilon's sake, put some lights on!

FX: POWER HUM AS CORRIDOR LIGHTS UP.

(TO HIMSELF) Oh, so you can hear me. Good. (ALoud) Now hear this: there is no room for negotiation on this point. I'm not budging. I'm going back inside my TARDIS, and I'm leaving. So don't think I'm about to walk up those steps into that courtroom of yours, because I'm not. I have nothing to say to you. Nothing at all.

BEAT.

Right, that does it –

FX: STORMS UP STEPS, INTO:

SCENE 2: INT. COURTROOM [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

(STORMING IN) ... This is an outrage!!!

INQUISITOR:

(AT BENCH) Greetings, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(MARCHING TO BENCH) Madam Inquisitor, I protest!

INQUISITOR:

Frequently, yes. I take it you're wondering why you've been summoned to this Court?

DOCTOR:

No.

INQUISITOR:

Surely you must be even slightly curious?

DOCTOR:

No.

INQUISITOR:

Is that all you have to say?

BEAT.

DOCTOR:

Yes.

INQUISITOR:

(SARCASTIC) This isn't like you, Doctor. This reluctance to talk, to get your opinions [across.]

DOCTOR:

La la la, not listening. Bored now. Going. (TURNS) Goodbye.

INQUISITOR:

(ASIDE) Castellan?

FX: 3 X GUARDS STEP FORWARD, 3 X STASERS POWERING UP.

DOCTOR:

Oh, and here they come – the Chancellery Guard. Is that really the best that Gallifrey can do these days? The wisdom of Rassilon, the genius of Omega, the low cunning of Borusa. Is this what it's come to? "Stick 'em up!?"

INQUISITOR:

They will shoot if they have to.

DOCTOR:

Tell them to, then.

INQUISITOR:

I beg your pardon-?

DOCTOR:

Go on, staser away! I'd sooner choose oblivion's sweet embrace than yet again suffer the prolonged miseries of the Gallifreyan legal system, a process so convoluted it makes Jarndyce v Jarndyce look like summary justice. Tell you what, I'll make it easy for you. I confess! Yes, I stole a TARDIS. Yes, I ran away. Yes, I've meddled in the affairs of countless people on countless worlds, and sometimes the consequences of my meddling have been grave indeed. Guilty, guilty, guilty as charged. I did it. I'm to blame. *Mea culpa. Mea maxima culpa!*

INQUISITOR:

Oh, for goodness' sake. -

DOCTOR:

... and yet I came back to Gallifrey, willingly, and saved the lot of you, not once but time and time again, and believe me, that's one of the few things I've done in my many lives that I'm really starting to regret! Because, Madam Inquisitor, let me tell you this: if there's one thing I can't abide about you Time Lords, more than the pedantic bureaucracy you've made your religion and the sheer impracticality of those floor-length gowns you will insist on swanning around in, it's your overwhelming ingratitude! (THINKS) Not that I do it for the thanks, of course. In your case, that's just as well.

INQUISITOR:

Have you finished?

DOCTOR:

Not quite. (GRANDLY) I am the master of my own destiny, and I will not be bound by and subject to your petty laws. I am going to get in my TARDIS and leave. If you want to shoot me in the back, then I suggest you do so. At least that way you'll spare us all the farce of another tedious show trial.

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, this court is not convened for you. Yes, there will be a trial here; yes, I will be its Inquisitor; but you will not be standing in the dock.

LONG PAUSE.

DOCTOR:

Oh. Well. Good. (BEAT) So who is it?

INQUISITOR:

Who is what?

DOCTOR:

The unfortunate wretch who's fallen out of favour with the High Council, hence all... this.

INQUISITOR:

I'm sorry, you've lost me.

DOCTOR:

(MOCKNEY) "Oo's the defendant, yer honner?"

INQUISITOR:

The defendant is known to you.

DOCTOR:

A friend? Can't be many Time Lords I'm still on speaking terms with, not after all these aeons.

INQUISITOR:

I wouldn't call him a friend, exactly.

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) Not old pointy beard? What's he done this time?

INQUISITOR:

Not the Master.

DOCTOR:

Well, who then? The Rani? The Monk? Don't tell me someone's stitched Morbius back together again. -

INQUISITOR:

(SHARPLY) I said that this is not your trial, Doctor. May I point out that it is not mine either?

DOCTOR:

Well, that's me told.

INQUISITOR:

We need you, Doctor. Gallifrey needs you.

BEAT.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I get it. Having failed to engage my natural curiosity, now you're trying to tempt my sense of fair play. It's a good job there's not an ounce of vanity in me, or you'd go for that as well.

INQUISITOR:

On the contrary, I think I've indulged your vanity quite enough.

FX: 3 x SHARP RAPS ON GAVEL.

INQUISITOR:

This Court is now in session!

DOCTOR:

What-? But I've not -

INQUISITOR:

(ASIDE) Bronze Usher, bring in the jury!

FX: DOORS OPENED, OFF. 12 X TIME LORDS SHUFFLE IN THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

Madam Inquisitor, I've agreed to nothing! Whatever part in these proceedings you intend for me to play, I refuse!

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, you will respect the Court.

DOCTOR:

So sorry, members of the jury - terrible mistake, but there'll be no trial here today!

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, sit down at the bench and shut up!

DOCTOR:

(MOCK-HORROR) 'Shut up'? Is that a legal term?

INQUISITOR:

In my Courtroom, yes! (ASIDE) Is the jury assembled? Good. Now - Castellan, bring in the accused. -

FX: CASTELLAN CLOPS SWIFTLY TO RIGHT, THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

(SITTING DOWN) Oh well, since I'm here. Might as well let the dog see the rabbit, so to speak.

FX: DOORS PULLED OPEN AT RIGHT.

FX: STEADY TREAD IN OF DEFENDANT FROM OFF, FLANKED BY 2 x GUARDS.

VALEYARD:

(FX: WALKS TO STOP – GUARDS STOP ALSO) Doctor. We meet again.

MUSIC: OPENING TITLES.

SCENE 2 (cont): INT. COURTROOM [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

Is this some kind of joke? The *Valeyard*?

INQUISITOR:

Place the accused in the dock!

FX: VALEYARD ESCORTED UP A COUPLE OF STEPS INTO DOCK THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

(MORE TO SELF) Time Lords: no sense of humour, I forgot.
(STANDING) Your honour, what is this... person, doing in this Court?

VALEYARD:

(IN DOCK) What does it look like, Doctor? Standing trial, [of course.]

FX: 3 x RAPS ON GAVEL.

INQUISITOR:

The accused will not speak without permission!

DOCTOR:

(TO VALEYARD) There, that shut you up –

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, that applies equally to you!

VALEYARD:

(SHORT SNORT-CHUCKLE) Ha!

INQUISITOR:

Members of the jury – before we begin, the defendant has requested a first consultation with the Counsel for the Defence.

DOCTOR:

You mean he's not seen his brief yet?

VALEYARD:

Only because my Counsel's late arrival did not permit such a conference sooner.

DOCTOR:

Your Counsel sounds rather slapdash, if you ask me.

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, you may now advise your client.

DOCTOR:

My what-?

INQUISITOR:

The Valeyard has been charged with a crime contrary to the laws of Gallifrey. As is his legal right, he has asked for a fellow Time Lord to present the case for his defence. You are the Time Lord he has selected.

DOCTOR:

Me, defend him?! Why should I want to defend him?! I want you to find him guilty, to lock him up and to throw the key into the nearest available black hole!

INQUISITOR:

Counsel and the accused will be given five microseconds' recession in a time bubble around the dock. In that time, neither I, nor the jury, nor any of the officers of this Court, will be able to see or hear your discussions. Doctor, you will go to the accused and consult with him.

DOCTOR:

Oh, very well. (FX: WALKING OVER TO DOCK) It won't change the fact that the Valeyard here is as guilty as sin.

VALEYARD:

Am I, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Well, of course you are.

INQUISITOR:

Your time begins – now.

FX: FWOOSH! ALL AROUND. INSTANTLY, COURT AMBIENCE CUTS OUT,
LEAVING ONLY...

SCENE 3: INT. TIME BUBBLE [CONTINUOUS]

FX: COLD BUBBLE INTERIOR.

VALEYARD:

So, Doctor. Advise me.

DOCTOR:

I advise to say your prayers to Rassilon. I have nothing to say but your eulogy. And trust me, it won't be a glowing review.

VALEYARD:

You don't even know what I'm accused of!

DOCTOR:

Whatever it is, I'm quite sure you did it.

VALEYARD:

On what evidence?

DOCTOR:

Past form.

VALEYARD:

I can scarcely believe it. Is that the voice of the fair-minded Doctor, universal crusader for justice and truth? Is that what you really think?

DOCTOR:

No, what I really think is this: I think you've got yourself up to the black of your collar in trouble. I think you're looking to dig your way out of it by blaming me for whatever crime it is that I – that you, have committed, seeing as you claim to be some perverted future version of me. Well – think on, Valeyard, because you're very much mistaken!

VALEYARD:

Fascinating. You really do hate me, don't you?

DOCTOR:

Hate, you say? I don't hate easily. But in your case, well...

VALEYARD:

And there it is.

DOCTOR:

There what is?

VALEYARD:

The thing that drives you on.

DOCTOR:

Eh?

VALEYARD:

You hate me, Doctor, because you hate yourself. And that self-hatred motivates you.

DOCTOR:

(CLAP, CLAP, CLAP) Oh, brilliant. Brilliant! Pop psychology 101. What's next? 'Tell me about our mother?'

VALEYARD:

You loathe and despise me because my very existence is proof of your ultimate failure. And when I think of what we might have become, had you not thrown it all away... yes, I rather think I hate you too.

DOCTOR:

'What I might have become'? Some stuffed collar, rotting away my regenerations as a Cardinal? Pardon me for living a little.

VALEYARD:

Oh, I could forgive a little youthful rebellion. Weren't we all centenarians once? But you were made President, Doctor! Lord High President, of the oldest civilisation in the universe! And what did you do, with that greatest of gifts? Did you use it for good, or ill? Neither: you ran away before they could put the Sash on your shoulders. 'Living a little'? You've not lived at all.

DOCTOR:

So that's what you think, is it? That I've squandered your lives? Well, let me tell you this: my lives are my own! And I shall use them as I see fit!

VALEYARD:

Until the day you become me. Because I have the one thing you never will: the gift of hindsight. I know how it all works out for you, this 'living a little'. Let me tell you, Doctor: you have no idea what's coming next. Trust me.

DOCTOR:

And, what – you're going to tell me, I suppose?

VALEYARD:

I have nothing to lose. I could tell you of your next incarnation. I could tell you of all his plots and his schemes, of all that he sacrifices in the service of playing a game that was never his to win.

DOCTOR:

Say what you like. Even if you spoke the truth – which, of course, you don't – you know I won't take a blind bit of notice, or none of these things would have happened, would they? *Quod erat demonstrandum*, Valeyard!

VALEYARD:

(IGNORING HIM) Then there's the life after that. The one who won't ever be able to shake the shadow of Death. Oh, and there will be deaths, Doctor. So many, many deaths...

DOCTOR:

(ABRUPTLY) Five microspans, time's up.

VALEYARD:

What?

DOCTOR:

I know, such a pity. (CALLING OUT) Coo-ee! Madam Inquisitor! We're all done here!

VALEYARD:

But you still don't know the charge!

DOCTOR:

Have I not made it clear as crystal? I'm not playing, Valeyard. Rudolf won't be joining in your reindeer games!

VALEYARD:

You're a fool, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

That may be true. But I'm not such a fool as to involve myself in your machinations.

FX: REVERSE FWOOSH! TO COURTROOM BEGINS THROUGH:

I'm just going to sit back and enjoy the show.

CROSS DIRECTLY INTO:

SCENE 4. INT. COURTROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: END REVERSE FWOOSH!

INQUISITOR:

(TO DOCTOR) Counsel for the defence. Are you now fully prepared?

DOCTOR:

Not quite, Madam Inquisitor. I should like a pair of opera glasses, and to place an order for ice cream at the interval. Raspberry seems somehow appropriate.

INQUISITOR:

Are you being facetious?

VALEYARD:

Of course he is. He likens these proceedings to a Terran theatrical farce. A pantomime.

DOCTOR:

Oh no I don't!

VALEYARD:

Oh yes you do!

DOCTOR:

Ha! Got you! You're wrong anyway: pantomime has a long and distinguished history. Shan't hear a word said against it. The Gallifreyan legal system on the other hand...

INQUISITOR:

Have a care, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Apologies, your honour. But if the skullcap fits...

FX: 3 x GAVEL RAPS.

INQUISITOR:

Honoured Time Lords. This court has been convened to hear evidence laid against the renegade Time Lord known only as "The Valeyard".

DOCTOR:

Objection!

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, you are determined, it seems, to try my patience.

DOCTOR:

All we're here to try is the person in the dock who, may I remind the court, is not "known only" as the Valeyard.

INQUISITOR:

I hardly see what this has to do [with-]

DOCTOR:

Standard procedure in any trial, establish the identity of the accused. Do you agree?

INQUISITOR:

Reluctantly.

DOCTOR:

Whatever he's done, the Valeyard has rights. Principal among them is the right to a fair trial. So. Please state his identity.

INQUISITOR:

(SIGH) This court has been convened to hear evidence laid against the renegade Time Lord known generally, albeit not exclusively, as "The Valeyard".

DOCTOR:

And?

INQUISITOR:

Further details of the defendant's identity are classified, according to the ruling of special judicial hearing... (FX: PRESSES BUTTONS TO GET THE APPROPRIATE LEGAL NUMBER UP ON HER SCREEN.) 4 dash 7 dash 3-3-6.

VALEYARD:

You mean, we are not even allowed to discuss my identity?

INQUISITOR:

Regrettably, yes.

DOCTOR:

But he's me. He's a future version of me.

VALEYARD:

Am I?

DOCTOR:

Defendant – are you or are you not a future version of me, drawn from somewhere between my twelfth and final incarnations?

VALEYARD:

You tell me, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

(FURIOUS) No, sir! You tell me!

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, compose yourself.

DOCTOR:

He's either a future version of me, or he's something else. A Watcher! That's it. My own unregenerate form, shunted ahead in time to meet me as I die and ensure my continuation.

VALEYARD:

Doctor, do I look like a Watcher?

DOCTOR:

Not exactly.

INQUISITOR:

But you have seen a Watcher?

DOCTOR:

Once.

INQUISITOR:

Did your Watcher look anything like the defendant?

DOCTOR:

Well, no. (FEEBLY) He could be in disguise?

VALEYARD:

I could be many things, Doctor. And yet you have failed to latch onto the only salient point of this entire asinine conversation.

DOCTOR:

Which is?

VALEYARD:

That the all-seeing, all-knowing Time Lords of Gallifrey don't know what I am. Or if they do –

DOCTOR:

... if they do, then they're not telling. Yes, I got that bit. Try and keep up will you? So, Madam Inquisitor. Why can't we discuss who or what the Valeyard is?

INQUISITOR:

It is a legal matter.

DOCTOR:

This is a court of law. What better place?

INQUISITOR:

There is protocol to be observed.

DOCTOR:

Well, don't you want to know the truth?

INQUISITOR:

Obviously. But certain truths are... beyond the consideration of this Court.

VALEYARD:

(SNORTS) Truths that the High Council deem inconvenient!

DOCTOR:

Inconvenient? What do you mean, 'inconvenient'?

VALEYARD:

Doctor. Has your memory of the last time we three met in these august chambers failed you already?

FX: GAVEL-RAPPING.

INQUISITOR:

The defendant will not speak before he is asked to do so!

DOCTOR:

(REALISATION) Ohh, so that's it. I take it that the Valeyard's offence is somehow related to the affairs of the High Council in the history of the planet known generally, albeit not exclusively, as "Ravalox"?

FX: IMMEDIATE BLEEPING ALARM — AS PER 'TRIAL OF A TIME LORD' 'EVIDENCE SUPPRESSED' ALARM.

DOCTOR:

(RAISING VOICE) The planet that the High Council devastated by dragging it through space as part of a particularly sneaky cover-up? [The planet formerly known as —]

FX: FURIOUS GAVEL-RAPPING.

INQUISITOR:

(ORDERS OFF) Recorders, delete that last section of transcript!
(FX: ELECTRONIC 'TAPE REWINDING', OFF) Counsel for the defence,
you will not refer to that... event, again.

DOCTOR:

'Event'? You mean the history of the planet known as "Ravalox"?

FX: IMMEDIATE BLEEPING ALARM.

INQUISITOR:

(OFF) Again! ... Doctor, I am warning you.

(FX: ELECTRONIC 'TAPE REWINDING')

DOCTOR:

(MOCK-INNOCENT) What? Will I be in trouble if I mention...
"Ravalox"?

FX: ALARM. TAPE REWINDING.

INQUISITOR:

You will not use that word again!

DOCTOR:

Just to clarify – you do mean "Ra-"

INQUISITOR:

I do indeed! Doctor, you are skating on very thin ice! It's not
such a long journey from the bench to the dock.

VALEYARD:

Take it from one who knows, Doctor – the High Council will go to
any length to protect their secrets.

DOCTOR:

Just as you will to steal them, you mean?

VALEYARD:

I merely seek the truth.

DOCTOR:

You merely seek your own amusement, and whatever twisted pleasure
you get from it.

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, you are required to present the case for the defence.

DOCTOR:

You haven't told me what he's supposed to have done yet!

INQUISITOR:

Details of the charges against the defendant are classified, according to the ruling of special judicial hearing... (FX: INPUT INTO, THEN OUTPUT FROM, HER SCREEN.) 4 dash 7 dash 3-3-7.

DOCTOR:

But – this is lunacy, even by the Time Lords' double standards! You want the defendant tried, but the Court isn't allowed to know what for?

INQUISITOR:

I told you, "a crime contrary to the laws of Gallifrey". You said yourself, he was guilty.

DOCTOR:

Yes. But I was going for a cheap laugh.

INQUISITOR:

Then I suggest you adopt a less frivolous approach.

DOCTOR:

Right. Fine. If that's the way you want it... I shall present the case for the defence.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS OVER TO DOCK)

DOCTOR:

You are the Time Lord known generally, and so on, as the Valeyard?

VALEYARD:

You know who I am.

DOCTOR:

Actually, I don't. I don't know anything about you. All I know is that you want me dead, so you can have my remaining regenerations.

VALEYARD:

Having seen what you did with them, I'd be doing the universe a favour.

DOCTOR:

My next question. Where are we?

VALEYARD:

Aboard a Gallifreyan space station.

DOCTOR:

Yes, but where in space is it stationed?

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, that information is classified, not to say irrelevant.

DOCTOR:

Not in orbit of Gallifrey itself, though?

INQUISITOR:

I repeat, that information is classified. Kindly move on.

DOCTOR:

Move on? No. Move up and down? Yes. (FX: MAKES A SMALL JUMP ON SPOT) Ha! Did you see that, Valeyard?

VALEYARD:

I saw it. Your verdict?

DOCTOR:

Hang on. (FX: ANOTHER SMALL JUMP) Hmm. Interesting..

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, kindly stop jumping on the spot! Your attempts at levity are misplaced.

DOCTOR:

It's not levity I'm attempting, but gravity. I'm trying to guesstimate the gravitation pull of the body around which this station is in orbit. Knowing my own mass, and compensating for standard artificial gravity – (FX: ANOTHER JUMP) – no way are we in orbit around Gallifrey. So where are we? Valeyard?

VALEYARD:

I believe this station to be orbiting a gas giant known as Etarho. ['eater-roe']

DOCTOR:

Never heard of it.

VALEYARD:

It is an insignificant place with a nameless mudball for a satellite.

DOCTOR:

Why station this court close to some anonymous mudball circling a middle-of-nowhere gas giant?

VALEYARD:

It was where they arrested me.

DOCTOR:

Was it now? Pray tell the court – what was it brought you to such an unremarkable mudball?

VALEYARD:

Unremarkable, yes... save for the fact that it is the location of a Matrix door.

DOCTOR:

A Matrix door?

VALEYARD:

(CONDESCENDINGLY EXPLAINING) A point of access to the Time Lords' great repository of data.

DOCTOR:

I know what a Matrix door is, thank you! The point is: how did you come to know there was one on Etarho?

VALEYARD:

(CORRECTING HIM) On the mudball orbiting Etarho.

DOCTOR:

On the mudball orbit- (BREAKS OFF) Oh, just answer the question.

VALEYARD:

I identified it by following the course of an archaic subroutine.

DOCTOR:

You mean to say you were hacking into the Matrix?

VALEYARD:

That is not how I would put it.

DOCTOR:

You have one of the most brilliant minds in the universe – mine, in fact – and you're using it for hacking? Oh, this is appalling.

INQUISITOR:

Does the counsel for the defence admit the accused's offence?

DOCTOR:

Hold your horses. I mean it's appalling that all he's accused of is such a minor transgression. He'll be out in five hundred years! A couple of centuries with good behaviour!

VALEYARD:

That is not the case, I fear.

DOCTOR:

Oh, come on. Hacking the Matrix? It's little more than climbing over the orchard wall to go scrumping for apples.

VALEYARD:

Perhaps. Nonetheless, the punishment is somewhat... disproportionate. (TO INQUISITOR) Is it not, your honour?

INQUISITOR:

The punishment has no bearing on whether or not the accused has committed the offence!

DOCTOR:

Yes, but what is it? What does the statute say? Half a millennium? More?

INQUISITOR:

(AWKWARDLY) The statute has recently been amended.

DOCTOR:

To what?

VALEYARD:

Death by termination.

DOCTOR:

What?! For hacking into a computer? Since when?

INQUISITOR:

Since recently. Look, this is irrelevant!

VALEYARD:

Not so! The date that the statute was amended is of the utmost relevance!

DOCTOR:

Is it? Well, then – perhaps the Inquisitor could tell us exactly when the amendment in question was approved by the High Council?

INQUISITOR:

Really, Doctor, I fail to see the significance of the date.

DOCTOR:

If the Valeyard says it's significant, I'm inclined to take his word for it.

INQUISITOR:

(SIGH) Very well. (CALLING OFF) Bronze Usher, bring me the relevant data core.

(FX: USHER CLATTERS OFF)

INQUISITOR:

I don't understand, Doctor. Why take the Valeyard's word for it, since you clearly distrust him?

DOCTOR:

Because he's clever.

VALEYARD:

Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

And he's up to something. Don't get me wrong, I fully intend to stop him.

VALEYARD:

(SNORTS) Ha!

(FX: USHER RETURNS TO INQUISITOR)

INQUISITOR:

Ah! Thank you, Usher. (BEAT) Doctor: the data core in question is dated... (SHE SNAPS OPEN THE SEALED TUBE CONTAINING THE CORE & EXTRACTS IT. SURPRISED) ... oh.

VALEYARD:

(SMIRKING) Is there a problem, your honour?

INQUISITOR:

There seems to have been some kind of mistake.

VALEYARD:

No mistake, ma'am! The colour coding on the data core tells its own story!

INQUISITOR:

This is... impossible.

VALEYARD:

Far from it. Do you not see, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Do I not see what? What am I meant to be looking at?

INQUISITOR:

The colour of the data core... is green.

DOCTOR:

Undeniably. But what point are we to deduce from such a revelation?

VALEYARD:

Data cores of this type are colour coded according to the house of the ruling president.

DOCTOR:

So? (PENNY DROPS) Oh. Oh, I see. And just how long is it since last we had an Arcalian President?

VALEYARD:

I know you were never one for current affairs, Doctor, but even you must realise that we've had a run of Prydonians and Patrexes going back several centuries.

DOCTOR:

What are you saying? That this data core is a forgery?

INQUISITOR:

Absurd!

DOCTOR:

Well, it'd be a sloppy one. The perpetrators coded it using the colour of the house of a President who hasn't reigned for centuries.

VALEYARD:

If only it were that simple. The data core is not a forgery. It is centuries old, but quite genuine. And yet, as the Inquisitor points out, the law was changed only very recently.

DOCTOR:

Well, how is that possible?

VALEYARD:

You tell me.

DOCTOR:

(WITH REALISATION) Oh no. They wouldn't. Would they?

VALEYARD:

Why not ask them?

DOCTOR:

The law was changed recently, you said. But this data core is ancient. Are you telling me that the Time Lords revisited their own time stream and rewrote the law? But that'd be...

VALEYARD:

... highly illegal, yes!

(FX: ANGRY GAVEL-RAPS)

INQUISTOR:

Gentlemen, that is enough! It is the remit of this court to try the defendant, not to delve into the minutiae of Gallefreyan legal history. Doctor, you will confine your questioning to points relating to the case of the Valeyard. We are not here to nitpick.

DOCTOR:

"Nitpick?" "Nitpick?" You've gone back in time and rewritten history just so you can get the outcome you want! It's positively Orwellian! How can the Valeyard here ever hope to have a fair trial if you go back in time and rewrite the laws to suit your whim?

INQUISITOR:

It is not the law that is on trial here, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

But I'm starting to think it should be. You know, when I first arrived here I was happy to let you get on with it, and drop that granite-faced misery there into whatever temporal dungeon you saw fit. But I'm starting to wonder if I've got the wrong end of the stick. These proceedings are so obviously rigged that the Valeyard hasn't a hope of a fair hearing. His situation is so hopeless, in fact, that no-one in their right mind would want to defend him.

INQUISITOR:

I see. You refuse to defend this man?

DOCTOR:

On the contrary, I insist on defending him!

(BEAT)

INQUISITOR:

Valeyard. Given the Doctor's admission of his own insanity, are you quite sure you wish him to continue as your Counsel for the Defence?

VALEYARD:

Absolutely, Madam Inquisitor.

INQUISITOR:

Very well, if that's what you [want]

VALEYARD:

(INTERRUPTING) There is one thing, however, I should like to add, before we continue. – If I may?

INQUISITOR:

Well, what is it?

VALEYARD:

Only this, Madam Inquisitor. Of all the charges levelled against me, I will maintain to my dying day that I am, absolutely, undeniably... guilty! Guilty as charged!

END OF ACT I

ACT II

SCENE 5: INT. TIME BUBBLE

FX: FADE UP COLD BUBBLE INTERIOR.

DOCTOR:

So. Care to explain?

VALEYARD:

Are you enjoying this, Doctor? I assume you are. You wouldn't stay otherwise.

DOCTOR:

The Inquisitor will pass sentence as soon as this recess is over. Which gives us little more than four microspans to throw a spanner in her works. Sometimes I wish I'd paid a little more attention in Borusa's classes, back at the Academy.

VALEYARD:

As the great Cardinal himself might have said: you're barking up the wrong tree, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Am I?

VALEYARD:

Take on the Inquisitor over the finer points of Gallifreyan law, and the only possible result is that you will end up in contempt of court. She might even order a joint termination...

DOCTOR:

Is that even possible?

VALEYARD:

It seems increasingly likely, should you choose to maintain this disastrous excuse for a defence.

DOCTOR:

Alright, then. Assuming I listen to you, just this once. What course of action do you recommend?

VALEYARD:

A plea for mitigation.

DOCTOR:

Mitigation! My being here at all is proof of a certain saintliness, true, but that doesn't make me a miracle worker!

VALEYARD:

You need to examine the circumstances of my creation.

DOCTOR:

Your birth?

VALEYARD:

My creation. How I came to be. How you, the sainted Doctor, became... me.

DOCTOR:

I knew it. You want me to indict myself for your misdeeds! To take the rap for your wrongdoing!

VALEYARD:

That would bring me a momentary sense of satisfaction, true. But it would not prevent this travesty of justice from resulting in my termination!

DOCTOR:

Why plead guilty, if you still maintain your innocence?

VALEYARD:

The Time Lords have made it impossible for me to be found innocent. All I have left to me is the Inquisitor's pity. The question is, Doctor – can you find the smallest iota of that quantity in the chilly wastes of her hearts?

DOCTOR:

It'll be a challenge. A test to vex an empathetic Hercules.

VALEYARD:

Of course. But that, Doctor, is why I requested you as my Counsel.

DOCTOR:

Is this flattery?

VALEYARD:

You have it in you. I know you do.

FX: REVERSE FWOOSH! TO COURTROOM BEGINS THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

Ah. Our time's up, it seems.

CROSS DIRECTLY INTO:

SCENE 6: INT. COURTROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: END REVERSE FWOOSH!

FX: 3 x GAVEL-RAPS.

INQUISITOR:

Court is now in session. The defendant has pleaded guilty to the offences of which he is charged. (TO DOCTOR) Counsel for the defence. Does your client wish to enter a plea for mitigation?

DOCTOR:

He does indeed, your honour. So don't go putting the black cap on just yet.

INQUISITOR:

I am entirely without prejudice!

DOCTOR:

Of course, ma'am. With your permission, I should like to examine my client a little further, so his case may be heard in the fullest way possible?

INQUISITOR:

This is all highly irregular.

DOCTOR:

My client is himself highly irregular.

INQUISITOR:

(THINKS) Then proceed. But don't mistake my exercising my discretion for a soft touch, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Perish the thought, your honour. I call the renegade Time Lord known generally, and so on and so forth, as "The Valeyard".

INQUISITOR:

We have established his identity.

DOCTOR:

Ah, but there's the heart of the matter. Have we, noble Time Lords? Have we?

INQUISITOR:

We have. Shall I read the relevant section back?

DOCTOR:

Your honour, we may believe we know who the Valeyard is – but why he is, that is quite another matter!

(BEAT)

INQUISITOR:

I trust that wasn't a pause for effect?

DOCTOR:

(HASTILY) Of course not.

VALEYARD:

Doctor, I would remind you that the noble Inquisitor will not tolerate vulgar theatrics.

INQUISITOR:

Nor lickspittles, Valeyard! (TO DOCTOR) Now get on with it, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Valeyard. Would you care to describe to this Court how it was you came into being?

VALEYARD:

The same way as all Time Lords, I imagine. Like all Time Lords, I cannot claim to recall the exact moment.

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, do you propose to describe to this court the gooseberry bush at the bottom of Rassilon's garden? Or the great Gallifreyan stork? Every Time Lord is born into a Chapter of one of Rassilon's great Houses. Every Time Tot knows this.

DOCTOR:

Well, then – which Chapter of which House were you born into, Valeyard?

VALEYARD:

Again, I cannot say. I was an orphan. The fact is, I was a foundling, born entirely without family.

DOCTOR:

That is a sad fact indeed.

VALEYARD:

I have engaged you as my Counsel, Doctor, not to play a weeping violin.

INQUISITOR:

(IMPATIENT) I don't care what you play, so long as you pick up the tempo.

VALEYARD:

Very well. As a child of just twenty years or so, I was discovered on the nameless planet below us by a group of space scavengers – a wordless mute, little more than a savage. At first it was assumed that I was the remnant of some failed colony, or a shipwrecked waif, abandoned to a cruel and lonely death. On discovering that I was of Gallifreyan descent, those scavengers helped return me to the planet of my ancestors. It was the only kindness I was ever shown. But it would have been kinder still had they left me to starve.

DOCTOR:

Go on.

VALEYARD:

On my arrival in Gallifrey's great Capitol, it was discovered that my bio-data extract was a perfect match for the Doctor's. I was therefore despatched to a "Shadow House". (BEAT) I presume that all of you know what a Shadow House is?

DOCTOR:

Of course we do! (HE CLEARLY DOESN'T) But, for the benefit of those who might be somewhat hazy on the details, perhaps you could elucidate further...?

VALEYARD:

Some of you may have heard stories. Of the Black Nurseries? Of the twisted secrets kept in Rassilon's attic? No one? You do surprise me.

INQUISITOR:

I have heard... stories. But they are the worst kind of heresies. You do yourself no favours, Valeyard, but repeating them!

DOCTOR:

Repeating heresies is a favourite pastime of mine. Go on, Valeyard: I'm all ears.

VALEYARD:

The Shadow Houses are home to Rassilon's mistakes. Time Lords who have regenerated into Time Tots. Time Lords who have only half-regenerated. Time Lords whose bodies have regenerated, but whose brains have not. Time Lords who have regenerated inside-out, or into unspeakable forms. The sort of place that we Gallifreyans would prefer to believe does not exist, because we prefer to believe that its inmates do not exist.

INQUISITOR:

Or simply because such places have never existed, full stop!

VALEYARD:

Perhaps it is now the case that the Shadow Houses have never existed. But I assure you, Madam Inquisitor, that once they did!

DOCTOR:

First you amend our laws retrospectively; now you amend our history...

INQUISITOR:

I? I have done nothing. Besides, may I remind the jury that no retrospective amendment whatsoever, of either laws or history, has been proved!

DOCTOR:

Valeyard – this place, this "Shadow House" of which you speak. Assuming such a place existed, and I have to say that it seems depressingly likely that it did, did you have friends there?

VALEYARD:

There were... other children.

DOCTOR:

Friends, though?

VALEYARD:

Not as such.

DOCTOR:

Did anyone there take an interest in you?

VALEYARD:

There was one. A Time Lord whose failed regeneration had condemned him to a state of eternal paradox – constantly flickering between a version of himself from a possible future, and another from a past that no longer existed, and all because a future incarnation had unwritten it. He was... hard to look at.

DOCTOR:

In what way?

VALEYARD:

He was wrong. Any image can only travel at the speed of light, and takes a certain amount of time to reach one's retina. But time was in a constant state of flux with him. He was hard to focus on.

DOCTOR:

In what way did he take an interest? In you, I mean?

VALEYARD:

He recognised me.

DOCTOR:

He'd seen you before?

VALEYARD:

No. But he recognised me. At some point in the future our paths would cross, and therefore he knew me now. As I explained, he was quite damaged. He encouraged me to take up... certain studies.

INQUISITOR:

(FLIPPANTLY) Into Gallifreyan law, I presume.

VALEYARD:

Into the science and history of regeneration itself.

DOCTOR:

He believed you might one day find a cure for his condition?

VALEYARD:

Not quite. He wanted me to revenge him, and all the other half-forms in the House. He was quite mad, of course. Nevertheless... it was an intriguing idea. And so I applied myself to the study of regeneration. I became quite obsessed, and made it my sole focus. Imagine, if you will, a mind such as the Doctor's here, completely given over to one discipline? Imagine him throwing himself into academic research with the same enthusiasm as he has for mischief and mayhem, and you will see perhaps a glimpse of the zeal by which I applied myself.

DOCTOR:

And what did you find? In your research, I mean?

VALEYARD:

That a Time Lord may only have twelve lives, because Rassilon decreed it.

DOCTOR:

Well, that's hardly news, is it?

VALEYARD:

Oh, but there's more. There is nothing, in theory, that would prevent a Time Lord going on, and on, regeneration after regeneration. Life eternal.

DOCTOR:

Can't be done.

VALEYARD:

The Master.

DOCTOR:

Oh I knew you'd bring him into it. Yes, he's more than outstayed his welcome, but it's not really what you'd call a life, though, is it?

VALEYARD:

A Time Lord may have no more than twelve regenerations, primarily because something always goes wrong with the thirteenth.

DOCTOR:

Such as?

VALEYARD:

They go mad.

DOCTOR:

There we are, then.

VALEYARD:

But have you never asked why? Why the number thirteen should be the limit?

INQUISITOR:

Because the symbiotic nuclei can only split so many times before they become unstable. Rassilon discovered this.

VALEYARD:

But what if that were a lie, your honour? Heretical, I know. Blasphemous, even. But what if it were Rassilon who created that very instability?

DOCTOR:

Well, why?

VALEYARD:

To keep the Time Lords in his thrall! There is no reason, none whatsoever, why a Time Lord should not regenerate thirteen times – or fourteen, or fifteen, or a hundred times, and on and on to a limitless number! It might even be possible for a Time Lord to live so long that he would outlive Gallifrey. Outlive the very laws of time laid down by Rassilon himself! And that is something our great benefactor was not prepared to tolerate.

DOCTOR:

So what is it you allege? That Rassilon, the founding father of the Time Lords, deliberately introduced a fatal flaw into the regenerative process?

VALEYARD:

Limiting us to thirteen lives, exactly. Limiting us so that no Time Lord could ever be immortal. Could ever be greater than him!

INQUISITOR:

(DRY) It would seem to me that you were a most imaginative child, Valeyard. It is a pity all those mental energies could not have been channelled into something useful.

DOCTOR:

Should have had a hobby. Stamp collecting, that's a good one.

VALEYARD:

But don't you see, Doctor? I was made to prove this. I was a side effect of someone's illegal studies into the bounds and limits of regeneration – and how to break them.

DOCTOR:

This mysterious friend, in the Shadow House.

VALEYARD:

It was too late for him, his lives were over. But consider this: how would a Time Lord prove such a thing?

DOCTOR:

I'm sure you're about to tell us.

VALEYARD:

By experimentation. By trial and error. The only person who could carry out such experiments on themselves would be a Time Lord in their thirteenth body, at the end of their lives.

INQUISITOR:

By your own definition, someone quite insane.

VALEYARD:

Not necessarily! All it would take is someone of strong enough conviction. Someone who knew that it was possible, to break Rassilon's stranglehold. But who could be certain? Who could be so sure that they would risk sudden, final death in the course of carrying out such an experiment?

DOCTOR:

Someone who thought they had nothing to lose.

VALEYARD:

Correction: someone who knew they had nothing to lose. Someone who had already met themselves in their future form. In short: you, Doctor! You!

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

(STARTS CLAPPING) Brilliant! Brilliant! And what do you do for an encore, Valeyard? Play the spoons?

INQUISITOR:

Do you deny it, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Of course I do.

VALEYARD:

But do you deny that you have now met what you will become? Do you deny that you have now met me? That is why, Doctor, in the dying days of your final regeneration you will carry out illegal experiments on yourself, thinking that you might yet succeed in extending your life – but in the cruellest of paradoxes, you will create only me!

DOCTOR:

This is preposterous!

VALEYARD:

You will create me because you will wish not to become me! That is our tragedy, Doctor – yours and mine both!

INQUISITOR:

(CONSIDERS) It is... plausible.

DOCTOR:

What? He's the one on trial, not me!

INQUISITOR:

I merely said it was plausible.

DOCTOR:

Plausible? I'm not even sure it's possible. Alright, then – say this is my trial. Where's your evidence, Valeyard?

VALEYARD:

Such as-?

INQUISITOR:

Something to connect the Doctor to the nameless planet on which you claim to have been found, for example.

VALEYARD:

To that mudball planet-? Nothing.

DOCTOR:

Well, there we are then.

VALEYARD:

It might be worth considering, however, the name of the gassy world it orbits around. Named after an archaic alphabet from the planet Earth. And we all know how much the Doctor loves the ape-descended people of the planet Earth.

DOCTOR:

What's that got to do with the price of fish?

VALEYARD:

Its designation is "Etarho". E-T-A; R-H-O. And what letters follow these, in one of the dead languages of your beloved monkey world?

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, please explain.

DOCTOR:

What he means is, in the classical Greek, after 'eta', E-T-A, comes 'theta'.

VALEYARD:

And...?

DOCTOR:

After 'rho', R-H-O, comes 'sigma'.

VALEYARD:

Theta... and sigma. Theta Sigma. Ring any bells, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(MISERABLY) It was the name my friends at the academy knew me by.

INQUISITOR:

I see.

VALEYARD:

(TAUNTING) What a coincidence! Of all the planets, in all the solar systems, in all the universe...!

DOCTOR:

This is circumstantial evidence at best. Are you seriously hinging your plea for mitigation on such thin gruel?

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, you are supposed to be leading his case.

DOCTOR:

There is no case to lead! He has not a single scrap of evidence.

INQUISITOR:

He has a point, Valeyard. The court requires proof, not rumour.

VALEYARD:

I couldn't agree more, your honour. And there is—one very simple way to prove what I say is true.

DOCTOR:

Do enlighten us.

VALEYARD:

We visit the planet below.

INQUISITOR:

Out of the question.

VALEYARD:

Then send your guards, Madam Inquisitor. Because I tell you: it's all there!

DOCTOR:

What is 'all there'?

VALEYARD:

The smoking gun. Evidence to prove that you, Doctor, were the villain who created me – illegally, I might add! Go down to the planet, and there you will find a secret laboratory.

DOCTOR:

Let me guess. On top of a stormy mountain, surrounded by bats? You'll have to do better than that, Valeyard.

VALEYARD:

A plain metal container. Five metres by twenty. One door and one window. Inside there is one chair, a table, a lamp and an advanced access terminal.

DOCTOR:

Doesn't sound much like me. I like my bohemian clutter.

VALEYARD:

There is also a picture on the wall showing the Stockbridge Second Eleven of 1898, a tea caddy and a broken-down trouser press.

DOCTOR:

Still means nothing. Besides, I'm an ironer not a presser.

VALEYARD:

There, on the shelf, are the Doctor's very own Black Scrolls. Forbidden knowledge, stolen from the Dark Times. Knowledge that would allow the Doctor to extend his own life by distilling his corrupted nucleii.

DOCTOR:

Whatever you've planted there, Valeyard, it won't wash, you know. Madam Inquisitor, my client is clearly quite insane. That is the only plea I can offer you in this affair.

VALEYARD:

I plead not for your mercy, Madam Inquisitor; merely for you to see the evidence for yourself.

INQUISITOR:

I repeat: that will not be possible.

VALEYARD:

I beg you. Madam Inquisitor, please!

INQUISITOR:

It will not be possible because the mudball planet in question no longer exists.

VALEYARD:

What-?!?

FX: SCREEN ACTIVATED.

INQUISITOR:

See for yourselves, on the Courtroom scanner. There is the gas giant Etarho. Satellites, it has none.

DOCTOR:

Since when?

INQUISITOR:

(EVASIVE) I do not recall.

VALEYARD:

Since I pleaded guilty, Doctor. Don't you see?

INQUISITOR:

It is no longer relevant. When there is no case to prove, material evidence is not required.

VALEYARD:

Which is fortunate, is it not? – since proof of the existence of a Matrix Door on such a planet would have been a major embarrassment to the High Council.

DOCTOR:

Are you saying it's been destroyed? I didn't think that was possible.

VALEYARD:

More likely translocated in space and time.

DOCTOR:

The same dirty trick they pulled with Ravalox!

INQUISITOR:

Silence! I have heard enough. More than enough, in fact. (ALoud) The Valeyard has pleaded guilty as charged. In his case, I find no mitigating factors that might give me reason to modify or commute the maximum penalty.

DOCTOR:

Now hold on. He only pleaded guilty because the charges were fixed!

VALEYARD:

Too late, Doctor. The Inquisitor has spoken.

DOCTOR:

Madam Inquisitor, please! The Valeyard has gambled everything on whatever 'evidence' he planted on that mudball world. I promise you, I can prove it false – and that in turn will prove his guilty plea was made in error! Whichever way you look at it, this is not justice!

FX: 3 x GAVEL RAPS.

INQUISITOR:

Silence!!! My hands are tied, Doctor. (TO VALEYARD) The Time Lord known generally as the Valeyard – by the authority vested in me by the High Council, and in harmony with the majority of the Time Lords here present, I, Inquisitor Darkel, have no recourse but to exercise the final sanction of termination. Sentence to be carried out at once.

DOCTOR:

At once?!

INQUISITOR:

Valeyard, you will remain in the dock.

DOCTOR:

Why, are you going to have him shot where he stands?

VALEYARD:

Look up, Doctor. A termination tube is situated directly above my head. An integral feature that the High Council considers most efficacious.

INQUISITOR:

(ORDERS OFF) You may begin.

FX: TERMINATION TUBE DESCENDS OVER DOCK/VALEYARD – SEE END OF 'ARC OF INFINITY' PART TWO FOR THIS AND OTHER EFFECTS.

DOCTOR:

What?! – But this is an outrage! I've witnessed more considered lynchings!

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, you will stand away from the dock.

VALEYARD:

What was it you said, Doctor, when last we met? "The oldest civilisation, decadent, degenerate and rotten to the core"?

DOCTOR:

Please, don't do this!

FX: THROBBING, THRUMMING AS TERMINATION PROPER BEGINS.

VALEYARD:

(PAINED, IN LIGHT/VAPOUR FROM TUBE) Watch closely, Doctor. In witnessing my end, the seeds of my beginning are sown in you. That is all it takes for you too to be made... corrupt.

DOCTOR:

No!

VALEYARD:

(FADING) Farewell, Doctor. I die in the knowledge that my circle is [complete!]

(BEAT)

DOCTOR:

Madness. Utter madness. And I don't just mean the Valeyard.

FX: AS TUBE RETRACTS:

INQUISITOR:

Judgement has been carried out. The Court will now rise. – Doctor? You are free to go.

DOCTOR:

Believe me, Madam – I can't get away from here a moment too soon.

INQUISITOR:

Nevertheless, Gallifrey thanks you.

DOCTOR:

(EXITING, CALLING BACK) Like I said: Gallifrey can go hang!

FX: FOOTFALLS AWAY, INTO CORRIDOR OUTSIDE. OFF, TARDIS DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES; TARDIS DEMATERIALISES. FADE.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

SCENE 7: EXT. A MUDBALL PLANET

FX: UNINHABITED MUDWORLD. FADE UP REGULAR GLOOPS FROM BUBBLING MUDPOOLS. SOFT WIND. TARDIS MATERIALISES; DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:

Well, it's certainly muddy enough. Orange suns in the sky tell me this is neither Passchendaele, nor the Glastonbury Festival, so..

FX: PATS TARDIS EXTERIOR.

Well done, old girl. Latching onto a displaced timeline can't have been easy.

FX: CLOSES TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING AROUND) Now, what was it the Valeyard said again? "A plain metal container. Five metres by twenty. One door and one window..."

HERMIT:

(BEHIND, IN DISTANCE) Hello there!

DOCTOR:

(TURNING; TO SELF) ... and there it is. Exactly as described. Ben Gunn, I wasn't expecting.

HERMIT:

(BEHIND, IN DISTANCE) I said, hello! Are you deaf?

DOCTOR:

Wait there! I'm coming over!

HERMIT:

(BEHIND, IN DISTANCE) I'll put the kettle on!

FX: DOCTOR JUMP-STRIDES OVER MUDPOOLS. CROSSFADE TO:

8: INT. METAL SHACK

FX: DOCTOR PUSHES CORRUGATED IRON 'DOOR'.

DOCTOR:

(ENTERING) Tea or coffee?

HERMIT:

(APPROACHING) Tea. Not deaf, then. (REALISATION) Oh! There's a thing! Neither am I. That's good, good.

DOCTOR:

Were you... expecting me? By any chance?

HERMIT:

Never met you before tomorrow. Just like the old days, ha! Take your coat?

DOCTOR:

No, thank you.

HERMIT:

Pity, I could do with a coat. Had one just like it yesterday. Was it yesterday? I don't remember. (BRIGHTLY) Assam's nice. Nutty flavour. (POTTERING OFF) Not like Earl Grey... or is it Lady Grey? Or Grey Lady? Or Lady Jane? Ah, she was a lovely girl.

DOCTOR:

Who are you, exactly?

HERMIT:

Lovely girls, all of them. Always left them in such strange places.

DOCTOR:

I asked you a question.

HERMIT:

Unlucky, that's what I am. Twelve men on the bench, and I'm the last.

DOCTOR:

On the bench? You mean, on a jury?

HERMIT:

Oh, that's a thought. I must be. I must be... the foreman, yes. I'm the foreman, me.

DOCTOR:

(ALARMED) Your name is 'Foreman'?

HERMIT:

Up there, there's the china. Best china. Me old china. What is it they call ships in China?

DOCTOR:

Sampan?

HERMIT:

'Simple Sampan met a foreman.' No, not sampans – the other ones.

DOCTOR:

Junks?

HERMIT:

Junks, yes! Junks... junkyard...

DOCTOR:

Junkyard? Does that mean something to you?

HERMIT:

Should it? Junkyard... Knackers yard... Scrap yard... Listen to me. Tottering about, silly old dodder. Did you put the kettle on?

DOCTOR:

I thought that's what you were doing.

HERMIT:

(FX: RUMMAGING THROUGH CHINA) No. no. Polly put the kettle on, perhaps.

DOCTOR:

There's no Polly here.

HERMIT:

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh. A shame. I rather liked her. (RESUMES RUMMAGING) Lovely girls, all of them. Always left them in such strange places...

(FX: DISLODGES CHINA ON SHELF, SMASHES CHINA CUP)

HERMIT:

Now look what I've done. Me old china!

DOCTOR:

Sit down, I'll do it.

(FX: HERMIT PULLS OUT WOBBLY CHAIR; SITS IN CHAIR)

HERMIT:

Most kind, most kind. Earl Grey, touch of lemon. No lemons in Tibet, mind. Drink it with salt and yak butter, they do. Tastes awful, but you wouldn't want to cause offence.

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING) Well, where's the tea?

HERMIT:

Must have a word with the Abbot about it. Big hairy beastie, quite harmless. Are you harmless?

DOCTOR:

(EXASPERATED) The tea-?

HERMIT:

Metal caddy, third shelf down.

DOCTOR:

Third shelf... ah!

FX: METAL TIN BEING TAKEN OFF SHELF.

HERMIT:

Is that the one? What's it say? On the label?

DOCTOR:

(TURNING TIN, READING LABEL) It says... (SURPRISE) Ah?

HERMIT:

Darjeeling? Assam?

DOCTOR:

(READING) ... "Theta Sigma".

HERMIT:

'Theta Sig...' No, I don't remember that.

(FX: DOCTOR CROSSES TO HERMIT, TURNS CHAIR TO FACE HIM)

DOCTOR:

You know me, don't you? You know who I am?

HERMIT:

Hard to say. Six of one, half a dozen of the other, isn't it? Six of one... half a dozen... (BRIGHTLY) ... makes twelve! Twelve what? Twelve lords a-leaping!

DOCTOR:

No, no. 'Theta Sigma'. Think. Remember. 'The Doctor'. Does that ring any bells?

HERMIT:

The Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I'm the Doctor.

HERMIT:

Oh. Am I ill?

DOCTOR:

I think there's something terribly wrong with you, yes.

HERMIT:

Well, I shouldn't be here then, should I?

DOCTOR:

No, you shouldn't.

HERMIT:

I shouldn't... shouldn't be me!

DOCTOR:

I don't think you should exist at all. You're me, you see. You're my thirteenth self. My old, mad, thirteenth self. Just look at you. What happened to me?

HERMIT:

Stewed. That's what happens if you leave the tea too long. Goes funny.

DOCTOR:

This is why we don't go on beyond that twelfth regeneration. This is what Rassilon feared. Or what he did on purpose.

(FX: SUDDENLY, FROM OUTSIDE – THE SOUND OF 3 X BATTLE-TARDISES VWORPING INTO EXISTENCE. AGGRESSIVE-SOUNDING MACHINES, HEARD IN 'NEVERLAND' SC 2 – OR MAKE UPGRADED EFFECT, IT'S NO BIGGIE)

HERMIT:

Listen! Listen to that! Not deaf, see? Or should that be 'not deaf, hear'?

(FX: 3 x BATTLE-TARDIS DOORS GRINDING OPEN, OFF, THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:

(FX: CROSSES TO DOOR, PULLS CORRUGATED IRON) TARDISEs. Military TARDISEs. Of course, they followed me!

INQUISITOR:

(OFF) Guards – surround that shack! He mustn't get away!

HERMIT:

(TERRIFIED) No tea!

DOCTOR:

And there she is. The cunning madam!

HERMIT:

(PUSHING PAST HIM – IRON SCRAPES) It's not tea time! No tea! And no time!

FX: HERMIT RUNS OUT.

DOCTOR:

Wait, where do you think you're going?

FX: DOCTOR FOLLOWS HIM OUT, INTO:

9: EXT. A MUDBALL PLANET [CONTINUOUS]

(AS HERMIT RUNS ACROSS MUD:)

INQUISITOR:

(CALLING, OFF) There's another one! Stop him!

(FX: STASER FIRE FROM GUARDS)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) No, no! Madam Inquisitor, tell your guards to stand down! I'll deal with this!

INQUISITOR:

Cease firing!

(FX: CEASE STASER FIRE. CROSS TO DOCTOR RUNNING UP TO HERMIT, BESIDE BROILING MUD POOL)

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING) Stop! Please! Listen, Doctor who...ever you are, it's not safe in this mud! (CLOSE BY) Look – I can talk to the Inquisitor. She's a reasonable woman, despite appearances.

HERMIT:

No. No. I'm for the scrap heap! The junkyard!

DOCTOR:

There's no way across the mud pools. Please.

HERMIT:

No way out. Nothing at the end of the lane. Nothing left for me!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) Madam Inquisitor, call off your guards! I have the situation under control!

HERMIT:

I know you! You in your coat of many colours.

DOCTOR:

(TAKING OFF COAT) Take my coat, if you like. It's cold.

HERMIT:

Coat of many colours – like Joseph. One of twelve brothers, killed and thrown down the well!

DOCTOR:

Never mind that now. Take my hand, I'll lead you back.

HERMIT:

This! Hurts!

DOCTOR:

Please.

HERMIT:

Unlucky! That's all I am. Unlucky thirteen!

INQUISITOR:

(OFF) That's long enough. Move in!

DOCTOR:

No!!!

HERMIT:

No time! No – (SLIPS INTO MUDPOOL) aah!

FX: HERMIT STRUGGLING IN SQUELCHING SUCKING MUD THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

Don't panic! You mustn't panic! The more you panic, the quicker the mud will suck you down. Take hold of the arm of my coat, I'll use it to pull you out.

HERMIT:

Can't... reach...!

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT – STRETCHING) Stop floundering about!

HERMIT:

Flounder. A flounder's a fish! (FX: STOPS STRUGGLING; JUST SINKING THROUGH) The Venerable Bede – he loved fish. People who love fish, people who are fish! Fish People! Not as stupid as it sounds.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT) I can't do it! I can't reach!

HERMIT:

(HEAD JUST ABOVE MUD, SPLUTTERING) Luck ran out. Bound to happen, in the end. Always stepped on cracks, always walked under ladders...

DOCTOR:

(BREAKING OFF; CALLING) You men, help me! Help me with him! Help

—

(FX: A FINAL SQUELCH. THE HERMIT'S GONE. BEAT)

DOCTOR:

He's gone.

INQUISITOR:

(WALKING OVER, ACCOMPANIED BY CASTELLAN) I'm sorry, Doctor. The mud will take him down to the planet's core. There's nothing we can do.

DOCTOR:

He could still regenerate!

INQUISITOR:

We both know, he can't. Now, Doctor, you need to come with me.

DOCTOR:

Why? Am I under arrest?

INQUISITOR:

(ASIDE) Castellan – the container, please.

DOCTOR:

His tea caddy? What do you want with his tea caddy?

INQUISITOR:

(TO GUARD) Dismissed, Castellan. (FX: CASTELLAN TRUDGES OFF THROUGH MUD) The label would seem to suggest that it contains rather more than tea, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

"Theta Sigma". This is what you followed me here for, isn't it? The "evidence" the Valeyard spoke of. You think it's in there, don't you?

INQUISITOR:

The containment device is deceptive. It is keyed to the bio-data of just one Time Lord. It will open for just one Time Lord.

DOCTOR:

(TAKING IT) Theta Sigma. Me.

INQUISITOR:

Take great care with it, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

I'm as curious as you are. I'm not about to drop it in the mud.

INQUISITOR:

That's not what I meant. The truth it contains... may be hard to bear.

DOCTOR:

Wait a minute. This caddy, this 'containment device'. Your guards made a beeline for it. How did they know what to look for?

INQUISITOR:

That is unimportant!

DOCTOR:

The Valeyard said, you arrested him here. But he's me, so this container would have opened for him, too, surely?

INQUISITOR:

The Valeyard... refused to open it. Afraid of the truth he might uncover.

DOCTOR:

That's why you put him on trial? That's why you had him executed, because he wouldn't give you the secrets contained in this tin?

INQUISITOR:

You heard him, Doctor: your very own Black Scrolls. The secret of how your thirteenth self cheated the destiny that Rassilon laid down for each and every Time Lord. The secret of the Valeyard's creation. The key to thirteen regenerations, or more. Perhaps, even, the key to immortality!

DOCTOR:

So that's what this was all about, was it? But consider this: what if by opening this Pandora's box, I set into play the very actions that caused that monstrous version of me to be called into being?

INQUISITOR:

Just do it, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

Remember the Valeyard's dying words? 'My circle is complete'? Oh, that demented Future Me may have created the Valeyard, but what if my opening this tin, here and now, is how he came to acquire that knowledge in the first place?

INQUISITOR:

So just don't look at whatever's inside it, and give the contents to me!

DOCTOR:

Of one thing alone I'm certain. The Valeyard didn't want to open it. He wanted me to open it. And whatever the Valeyard wanted, I do not! No, I smell a rat. (HEFTS CADDY, ABOUT TO HURL IT INTO THE MUD) If this was hidden for a reason, then hidden it shall remain!

INQUISITOR:

Doctor, no! That container is material evidence of a crime!

DOCTOR:

So terminate me, Madam! (THROWS CONTAINER IN THE MUD)

INQUISITOR:

No!!!

FX: TIN SINKS UNDER MUD – SQUELCH.

DOCTOR:

There. Gone to the core of the planet!

INQUISITOR:

Then we shall take this planet apart to retrieve [it!]

(FX: FROM UNDER THE MUD, AN ELECTRONIC SOUND – THE SOUND OF THE PARTICLE DISSEMINATOR, FROM ENGINE ROOM SCENES IN 'TRIAL OF A TIME LORD' PART FOURTEEN, STARTING UP)

DOCTOR:

Wait! Do you hear that?

INQUISITOR:

It's coming from under the mud!

DOCTOR:

I know that sound!

INQUISITOR:

What is it?

DOCTOR:

Obvious, really. A particle disseminator!

INQUISITOR:

What?

DOCTOR:

Which means – (ALoud) Alright, you've had your fun! Now show yourself, Valeyard!

(FX: REVERSE MUD-SQUELCHING AS THE VALEYARD RISES UP, CLUTCHING THE CADDY – ACTUALLY A PARTICLE DISSEMINATOR)

HERMIT/VALEYARD (record twice):

Doctor. You're no fun anymore.

INQUISITOR:

The other Doctor!

DOCTOR:

No, just the Valeyard in another of his cut-price Pimpernel disguises!

(FX: ELECTRONIC RIPPLING AS THE HERMIT BECOMES THE VALEYARD)

VALEYARD:

Cut-price? There was nothing cheap about this little scheme of mine, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

How did you do it? Another matrix door, positioned above the dock?

VALEYARD:

Oh, the look on your face, Doctor, when that termination tube came down – it was priceless. Priceless! Why, that might almost have been a tear in your eye.

INQUISITOR:

I don't understand. (TO VALEYARD) Why fake your own execution?

DOCTOR:

Because that box held a bomb, plain and simple – am I right, Valeyard? A particle disseminator meant to explode in my face, should I have been foolish enough to open it!

INQUISITOR:

But – the Black Scrolls?

DOCTOR:

There were no Black Scrolls. It was all a ruse to get us out in the open and blow us to bits – you and me both, Madam!

INQUISITOR:

Me? But why?

VALEYARD:

Revenge, your honour! Revenge! Better hurry. Particle dissemination is an unreliable science... (FX: DISSEMINATION SOUND UPS A DEGREE) ... but I do believe it's about to trigger a ray phase shift!

DOCTOR:

Oh, no!

VALEYARD:

(FX: ELECTRONIC FADING AWAY) Farewell, Doctor! Farewell, Madam Inquisitor!

INQUISITOR:

(CALLING) Guards – get back here! Shoot him! Execute the Valeyard!

DOCTOR:

Too late. He's gone. The matrix door, it was in the mudpool.

INQUISITOR:

Then – he has escaped justice! Again!

(FX: RAY PHASE BUILDING – AS PER TTOATL)

DOCTOR:

The ray phase shift, it's started!

(FX: THE BATTLE TARDISES BEGIN DEMATERIALIZING)

INQUISITOR:

The Castellan! Come back!

DOCTOR:

Seems he's decided discretion is the better part of valour – and scarpered with his guards. Well don't just stand there, your honour!

(FX: 3 x BATTLE-TARDISES VWORP AWAY FINALLY)

INQUISITOR:

But my TARDIS!

DOCTOR:

Let's take mine, shall we? Now RUN!!!

(FX: THEY LEG IT OFF, OVER MUD. POLICE BOX DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS, WHEREUPON THE RAY PHASE EFFECTS REACH CRESCENDO. POLICE BOX DEMATERIALISES SIMULTANEOUSLY. FADE)

10: INT. CORRIDOR TO COURTROOM

FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS. QUIET, CALM.

DOCTOR:

And here we are again. Back in your Court.

INQUISITOR:

It seems I owe you my thanks, Doctor. Again.

DOCTOR:

So, are all my sins forgiven?

INQUISITOR:

All except the Castellan's cowardice! (CALMING HER RAGE) But, perhaps you're right, Doctor. We should draw a line under this whole sorry affair.

DOCTOR:

"Draw a line?" The Valeyard is still out there, and as mad as ever.

INQUISITOR:

Well, it is a large universe.

DOCTOR:

He doesn't care about the universe. It's you and me he's after.

INQUISITOR:

Then we will have to guard ourselves more carefully in future. We have been reminded today that our lives are not unlimited. It's just six regenerations you have remaining, Doctor – is it not?

DOCTOR:

Well, that's more than some, Madam! How many are you on now-?

INQUISITOR:

(FROSTY) Age is a Time Lady's prerogative.

DOCTOR:

Well, I shan't pry. (CHANGING SUBJECT) That's not the end of the affair, though. How did he do it? How did he manage to set up a Matrix door in your Courtroom?

INQUISITOR:

You suspect a breach of security?

DOCTOR:

Well, I don't see how he could have stage-managed such a sequence of events without assistance.

INQUISITOR:

You think he had an accomplice? But who could possibly profit from an arrangement with the Valeyard?

DOCTOR:

Someone intrigued by what he claimed to have on offer, I imagine.

INQUISITOR:

Which would have been what, exactly?

DOCTOR:

Why – immortality, of course. The prospect of unlimited regeneration.

INQUISITOR:

But... it was all a series of fictions, was it not? His tales of Shadow Houses, and of Rassilon having set an arbitrary limit on the regenerative cycle...

DOCTOR:

Oh, I'd take most of it with a hefty sack of salt. But still, no smoke without fire...

INQUISITOR:

You think there may have been a grain of truth in it?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps. That would have been all he'd needed to gull someone desperate enough. If I were you, ma'am, I should be looking closely at any senior Time Lords coming up to their twelfth and final regeneration. Someone of unfulfilled ambition, silently raging against the dying of the light...

INQUISITOR:

You think that enough of a motive?

DOCTOR:

The Matrix awaits us each and every Time Lord. From the lowliest Chancellery Guard to those of... higher rank.

INQUISITOR:

But do you accuse someone in particular?

DOCTOR:

(PAUSE) I can prove nothing.

INQUISITOR:

Well, then. There is but one course open to me. I shall order a full judicial inquiry.

DOCTOR:

From you, Madam — I'd expect nothing less.

THE END